

Ascension The 40th Day After Easter

Deinonychus

By the window you stand; palisaded and dressed in grief...
You where beloved in a heartfelt way.
Mourning a lengthening day, my eyes in tears.
A heart full of disbelief...
Forever gone...
Left in this place, while a sunbeam through the window alters my face.
No chance in taking my pain.
The seeds of the weeping willow are being sown inside of me.
A timeless mourn... day and night.
Outside the window, life is smiling at me.
It bids me out, wished it could ease the pain over... my lost life.
Why? I'm gonna travel the Tabor's back;
In hope to find my soul, above her head.
Jade are my feet from walking.
This, a forlorn quest.
Tabor is a myth like others.
Disillusioned I return homewards...
Lonely as I am.
Homewards the grass grows green, surrounded by flowers in bloom
.
A consuming jaundice comes my way...
My heart is torn. At last, my spirit and I romance about the past.
We have been rejoined...!
Today, we'll walk over a bed of French rye,
For I have planted back the seeds of the weeping willow in the earth again.

We are together now....
No more dwelling in a burden of pain!